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Vancouver, Wash.

February, 1958

".....Evermore I seem to hear
A voice from out the dawning of my life." -- Tennyson.

Dear voices of my dawn,

Another year has ended, and has ended in sadness. On November 10th, on his 87th birthday, my father died -- rather suddenly, and quite without pain.

His years were long, and, like the years of most mortals, checkered with light and shade. Since my mother's passing, they had not been happy years-- he was unable to adjust; and the infirmities of his age, feebleness, failing sight and tremor of the hands, vexed him severely. So I cannot too deeply bewail his taking off.

With him passes almost my last link to my early childhood.

Otherwise, the year was not unfruitful for the Jacobson family. Ruth, 6 in June, began school. She had taught herself to read during the summer (we had not taught her, lest she find nothing to learn in school, but she did not wait for us or it). So she has no trouble with her work. She continues her ballet lessons, in which she takes great delight. She is a happy, playful child, and lightens the home immeasurably.

Eric, 16 in December, is a junior in the Hudson's Bay High School. In the spring he earned his letter on the swimming team, and continues with it. He also continues his violin lessons, and still plays viola in the school orchestra. He is in his last year at the religious school of our congregation, which the other two children likewise attend. He tried out for the third time at the annual Optimist Club oratorical contest. The first year he did not place. The second year he was alternate, and this time (the last year in which he could qualify) he won. Accordingly, he was taken, as the Vancouver representative, to the Optimist regional convention at Saskatoon, Canada. There were some two dozen competitors. Eric was one of the six finalists, but got no further. The winner competed at the national convention, at Washington, D. C., for a \$1,000 scholarship.

Ira, 14 in June, is in his last year of junior high (9th grade). He is more easy-going. Both boys are enthusiastic Sea Scouts. As soon as school ended in June, we took the Sea Scout boat (a 26-ft. Monomoy ex-coast guard sailing whaleboat, ketch-rigged) to Puget Sound. There the skipper took one crew of boys for a week's cruise, then I took the second, including both my sons. A good cruise.

The high light of the scouting year was the annual Portland Area Council regatta at Longview, 40 miles downriver, a 3-day event. Of the score of ships, thirteen took part. It was very thrilling--Annette and Ruthie and I

[My comm. awarded @ USNH St. Albans
1944]

Jacobson, S.A.

were there every day. There were competitions in nine events. Of our ship, the Dragon, the first aid team captained by Eric took first place. In signaling (wig-wag) our team, Eric and Ira, took third. Eric was in the swimming and life-saving event--we took fourth. Eric was coxswain in the sailing race; we took third, missing second place, in a $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour race, by eight seconds. Our final standing was number 2, and the Dragon flies a red pennant at her masthead.

Ira spent a week at the Sea Scout boot camp, and two weeks (Eric one) at the United Synagogue Youth camp near Seattle.

There was sailing on the river, in the Sea Scout boat and in Eric and Ira's little Snipe, most week-ends. The boys and I had a week-end on Lake Washington, at Seattle, in my friend Mike Adams' cutter.

All five of us went to Ashland, Ore., for the August Shakespeare festival. We stayed four evenings, as hitherto, and saw four plays. On the third evening we took Ruthie to see As You Like It. She enjoyed it so, and begged so hard, that on the following night, against our better judgement, we took her to Othello; of course she didn't understand it, but (to our surprise) enjoyed it none the less. There, on an afternoon, we saw the Mikado as the revival of an obsolete art--a stage presentation with cut-outs as actors, and (recorded) voices. It was interesting, but we thought not too worth-while.

I spent a training duty period, early in the year, at the Naval Hospital at Bremerton.

Toward the close of the year, I had a two-day meeting at Los Angeles for pathologists of far-western VA hospitals. We left the children, and Annette and I went on a super-bus route that is 3 hours faster than the train--food (and restroom) on the bus. We spent 3 days in Los Angeles, and had the pleasure of seeing my cousin Anna and family and my uncle Leo, and my old schoolmate (Yale) Lew Lichtenstein. We spent an extra day there, in the museums; the La Brea tarpits were especially interesting, with the fossils. Then we had two days at Palm Springs, with a pool in the motel. Enjoyed the sunshine.

I continue busy at the hospital, trying to run a good lab with an inadequate number of personnel and salaries too low to attract properly trained technicians. Unless this is changed, government medicine will go into an inglorious decline.

I continue to run the Bone Tumor Registry at the U. of O. Medical School, and enjoy it. It has acquired a definite place in northwestern orthopedics. I have the feeling that the hospital authorities--some, at least--begrudge the time I spend there, but it is definitely in line with stated VA policy, so they do not interfere.

My health is fair, but I am constantly reminded that youth is long gone. Even my child bride has her occasional twinges, but there are no major problems. I am resigned to being asthmatic for the rest of my days.

Like everyone else, I am unhappily aware of distant shadows, dramatized by Sputnik and its successor, hardly relieved by the faint gleam of our own satellite. But Mr. Dulles, God's gift to Russia, goes obstinately on his bumbling way. Our State Department, never a lover of the democratic way of life (under either party), reaches newer and more incredible lows each year. Can we survive this administration and its aftermath? One can only hope.

What with my work, the medical school, the Naval Reserve (one night each week), the Board of the Robison Home for the Aged, the synagogue Board, the ditto education committee, the Portland Hebrew school Board, the ditto education Board, the Portland Zionist Council, the Vancouver Sea Scouts, the Optimist Club, and various incidental assignments, time does not hang heavy on my hands. Oh, for my irresponsible youth! And, as the old woman remarked to Scarlett O'Hara, "You can't let the burden down. Ever." Eheu Fugaces!

We were gladdened by only one visitor from the East this year--Edith Paul, who spent a few days with us in December. What's the matter with the rest of you? We have the most glorious country in the U. S. out here--isn't it worth putting up with the Jacobsons for a while to see it?

Until then, or my next letter, good luck! A good year to you!

*I note with great pleasure the evidences
of your progress. Write to me!*

Cordially,

Sheldon G. Jacobson